



The Deceitful Welsh

IT is our modest intention to right all the world's injustices. Here are eleven of them righted right on this page. Beginning with a Welshman,—not Taffy, but Lloyd-George,—we will proceed to remove the old libel of "the Welsh for deceit." David Lloyd-George, the most trusted man in the British Empire, is so Welsh that his home town is spelled Llanystymdwy. He began as an obscure young lawyer, the son of a school-teacher, and he hasn't ended yet as the most important leader of England, the Minister of Munitions, the man behind the guns.

Photograph by Underwood & Underwood.



Photograph by Brown Brothers.

The Dour Scot

DOUR, *adj.* hard, sullen, morose. Usage—"the dour Scot." It's very perplexing. To us the original Great Scot is Harry Lauder (the big little man in the picture), whose titles are "The Man Who Made King Edward Laugh" and "Deputy Optimist at Large for Great Britain." Because he couldn't be dour even in a coal mine, he is about to retire with \$600,000 in coined laughs. Once he gave a sermon in church; and, though he made a tremendous effort to be serious, at the faintest spark of humor the congregation became vociferous, beginning with the choir (who always get the giggles anyway). "Even the pastor laid his hand on the railing and writhed with mirth," said the church bulletin.



Photograph by Brown Brothers.

The Unspeakable Turk

"THE unspeakable Turk" is what you say when you want to open a conversation about massacres and atrocities. But what about Enver Bey, the man with the warm, perpetual smile? When he was younger this Turk gave so generously to the poor that the Sultan exiled him, thinking he was buying votes. It is also said of him that the poor fellow has "a regular New England conscience." Enver Bey organized the revolution of the Young Turks and led them on their famous march to Constantinople, where they dethroned the impossible Sultan Abdul Hamid, disbanded his unmentionable harem, and pensioned his unanswerable executioners. Anyhow, Mrs. Enver Bey (the only one) says that this Turk is far from "unspeakable," and she should know.

The Fighting Irishman

WE have never talked back to a man with a brogue, for fear he might be a fighting Irishman. Yet these Irishmen didn't want to fight. More interested in learning how to throw curves in the United States than hand grenades into Germany, 900 of them tried to sail for New York last fall to evade conscription. When they got to Liverpool they were set upon by English mobs, decorated with those obnoxious white feathers, and finally refused passage by the company.

Photograph by Brown Brothers.

The Niggardly Jew

NOW, honestly, why do slipshod people stigmatize a whole race by such a phrase as "the niggardly Jew"? Nathan Straus, as Jewish as Solomon or Saul, has spent \$2,500,000 out of his own private purse for humanity. For a quarter of a century he has maintained pure-milk stations in Chicago, Philadelphia, and New York, where in thirteen years, largely through his philanthropy, the death rate of babies was cut down from 126 to 64 in a thousand. In the panicky times of 1893, Straus sold two million buckets of coal to the unemployed at the rate of five cents a bucket. He has given \$350,000 toward the relief of the Jews in Poland.



Photograph by Brown Brothers.



The Lazy Negro

"THE lazy negro"—another libel acquired before smile on is Howard Drew, who has just run this member of the so-called lazy race worked Southern California as a Pullman porter; worked and worked his way back East to the Millrose hundred yards than any white man's. In the same twice as much property per capita as the Russian.

Photograph by Underwood & Underwood.

